scrupulous to deceive you on that point. He was a bred-in-the-bone, dyed-in-the-wool, ninety-nine threequarters per cent Jelly-bean and he

taking your girl to the Mardi Gras ball. The particular Jelly-bean patch
which produced the protagonist of this
which produced the protagonist of this
she's the queen of the queens of the Jellybeans, are big and brown. history lies somewhere between the two-a little city of thirty thousand that has dozed sleepily for many years in southern Mississippi, occasionally stirring in its slumbers and muttering something about a war that Country Club in Peter's flivver. took place some time, somewhere and

Jim was a Jelly-bean. I write that again because it has such a pleasant sound-rather like the beginning of a fairy story-as if Jim were nice. It somehow gives me a picture of him with a round, appetizing face and all sorts of leaves and vegetables grow-ing out of his cap. But Jim was long and thin and bent at the waist from stooping over pool tables, and he was what might have been known in the what might have been known in the indiscriminating north as a corner loafer. "Jelly-bean" is the name throughout the undissolved Confederacy for one who spends his life conjugating the verb to idle in the first person—I am idling, I have idled, I will idle.

that every one else has forgotten long

JIM was born in a white house on a green corner. It had four weather-beaten pillars in front and a great amount of lattice-work in the rear that made a cheerful criss-cross background for a flowery, sun-drenched lawn. Originally the dwellers in the white house had owned the ground next door and next door to that and next door to that, but that had been so long ago that even Jim's father scarcely remembered it. He had, in fact, thought it a matter of so little moment that when he was noisily and alcoholicly dying he neglected even to tell little Jim. who was five years old

tell little Jim, who was five years old and quite miserably frightened.

The white house became a boarding house run by a tight-lipped lady from Macon, whom Jim called Aunt Mamie and detested with all his soul.

He became fifteen, went to high school, wore his hair in a tangle of black snarls and was afraid of girls. He hated his home, where four women

He hated his home, where four women and one old man prolonged an inter-minable chatter from summer to sum-mer about what lots the Powell place had originally included and what sort of flowers would be out next. Sometimes the parents of little girls in town, remembering Jim's mother

and fancying a resemblance in the dark eyes and hair, invited him to and fancying a resemblance in the dark eyes and hair, invited him to parties, but parties made him shy and he much preferred sitting on a disconnected axle in Tilly's garage, rolling the bones or exploring his mouth endless ly with a long straw. For pocket money he picked up odd jobs, and it was due to this that he stopped gowas due to this that he stopped going to parties. At his third party little Marjorie Haight had whispered indiscreetly and within hearing distance that he was the boy who brought the groceries sometimes. So instead of the two-step and polka, Jim had learned to throw any number he desired on the dice and had listened to spicy tales of all the listened to spicy tales of all the shootings that had occurred in the surrounding country for the last fifty the curiosity by casting a stray sidelight on your method of keeping alive?"

The Jelly-bean paused and consid-

He became eighteen. The war broke out and he enlisted as a gob and polished brass in the Charleston navy polished brass in the Charleston navy over Tilly's garage. I help him some yard for a year. Then, by way of with the cars in the afternoon an' he yariety, he went north and polished gives it to me free. Sometimes I drive brass in the Brooklyn navy yard for one of his taxies and pick up a little

The war over he went home. He was twenty-one, his trousers were too short and too tight. His buttoned shoes were long and narrow. His tie help him by the day—Saturdays usu ally—and then there's one main source and pink marvelously scrolled. and of revenue I don't generally mention and pink marvelously scrolled like Maybe you don't recollect I'm about a piece of very good old cloth long the champion crap shooter of this

"That all?"

"Well, when there's a lot of work I

revenue I don't generally mention.

Jim shook his head.
"Sold. Got a pretty good price seein'
it wasn't in a good part of town no

ore. Lawyer told me to put it into

so she wasn't no good any more, so it

takes all the interest to keep her up at Great Farms Sanitarium. I guess her mind just gave out from sheer

"'Cause," continued Jim desperate-

ly, "without you swear you won't do that I'm agoin' to get out right here

an' my good legs goin' carry me back to Jackson street."

o Jackson street."
They agreed after some argument

that Jim, unmolested by females, was

to view the spectacle from a secluded settee in the corner where Peter would join him whenever he wasn't

exposed to the sun.

In the twilight of one April evening when a soft grav had drifted down along the cottonfields and over the sultry town, he was a vague figure leaning against a board fence, whisting against a board fence, whisting against a the mon's riminate of a pair of dice they just roll for me."

Peter chuckled appreciatively.

"I never could learn to set 'em so's thing and graing at the mon's riminate of the set with Naney Lamar some day." tling and gazing at the moon's rim over the lights of Jackson street. His mind was working succinctly and persistently on a problem that had held his attention for an hour.

a party.

Back in the days when all the boys had detested all the girls, Peter De-lanoy and Jim had sat side by side in school. But, while Jim's social aspiin and out of love, gone to college taken to drink, given it up and, in short, become one of the best beaux of the town. Nevertheless Peter and Jim had retained a friendship that, though casual, was quite definite. Jim took a certain conscious pride in knowing Peter, and Peter, on his side, felt somehow that Jim would be a good man to have with him in a fight. Peter was Jim's hand in the air. Jim

THAT afternoon Peter's ancient flivver had slowed up beside Jim on the sidewalk and, out of a clear sky, he had invited Jim to a party at the country club. The impulse that made him do this was no stranger than the impulse which made Jim ac- | back into cept. It was probably an unconscious ennui, a half-frightened sense of ad-He began to sing, drumming his "Don't you go leadin' me up to any long foot idly on a stone block in the girls and leavin' me there so I'll have eidewalk till i twabbled up and down to dance with 'em."

in time to the low throaty tune: One mile from home in Jelly-bean town, Lives Jeanne, the Jelly-bean queen. She loves her dice and treats 'em nice; No dice could treat her mean.

He broke off and agitated the side-They would all be there—the old rowd, the crowd to which, by right or the old white house, sold long since, and the portrait of the officer in gray over the mantel. Jim should have belonged. But that crowd had grown up together into a tight little set as gradually as the girls' dresses had

a cheerful rendition of "Back Home in Tennessee" on a hand organ.

The Jelly-bean stopped in a dusty store and bought a collar. Then he sauntered along toward Soda Sam's, where he found the usual three or where he found the usual three or visits, which were each one accompanied by a "Hello, old boy, how you in front and the little darkies running making out?" and a slap at his knee. back and forth with sundaes and lem-

imperceptible pause—"How y' all?"
Passing, he ambled on toward the garage where he had a room upstairs. grew lazily all during Jelly-bean sea-

son, which is every season, down in bered kiss and shadowy eyes under big bow in back until she shed black blue-black hair inherited from her mother who had been born in Budathe land of the Jelly-beans well below Now if you call a Memphis man a Jelly-bean he will quite possibly pull a long sinewy rope from his hip pocket and hang you to a convenient telegraph pole. If you call a New Orleans man a Jelly-bean he will probably grin and ask you who is taking your girl to the Mardi Gras mother who had been born in Budapest. Jim passed her often in the street, walking small-boy fashion with her hands in her pockets, and he knew there in separable Celia Larrabee she had left a trail of broken hearts from Atlanta to New Orleans. For a few fleeting moments Jim wished he could dance. Then he laughed and as he reached his door began to sing softly to himself:

My Jeanne of Jelly-bean town.

AT 9:30 Jim and Peter met in front of Soda Sam's and started for the "Jim," asked Peter casually, as they out?"

of the dressing room. \* \* \* \*

His "How y' all" had been said to Nancy Lamar to whom he had not spoken in fifteen years.

Nancy had a mouth like a rememners, with three tiers of ruffles and a ner hurried up. Jim recognized him as the stranger who had been with her in Ben Arrot's car that afternoon. He saw her set her arms akimbo and say something in a low voice and laugh. The man laughed too and Jim experienced the quick pang of a weird new kind of pain. Some ray had passed between the pair, a shaft of beauty from that sun that hed warmed him shows the said after a moment's are to get it off. I can't dance with gum you ever saw." She hesitated. "Still, perhaps you're right. You got—you got old head on young shoulders." She rose to her feet and moved toward the door. The Jelly-bean rose and taken since. He wished he dared interfere—a gril of that age and position would have done his best to wrench one out without an instant's hesitated. "Still, perhaps you're right. You got—you got old head on young shoulders." Light dawned on Jim—the hot room—the drinks he had given her—the ones she had taken since. He wished he dared interfere—a gril of that age and position would have done his best to wrench one out without an instant's hesitated. "Still, yer haps you're right. You got—you got old head on young shoulders." Light dawned on Jim—the hot room—the drinks he had given her—the ones she had taken since. He wished he dared interfere—a gril of that age and position would have done his best to wrench one out without an instant's hesitated. "Still, yer haps you're right. You got—she her feet and moved to done."

She rose to her feet and moved to done. The Jelly-bean rose also.

"Good-bye," she said politely, "good—bye," sh from that sun that hed warmed him 'Here a moment since. The Jelly-bean felt search. a moment since. The Jelly-bean felt suddenly like a weed in a shadow.

A minute later Peter approached him, bright-eyed and glowing.

"Hi, old man." he cried with some lack of originality, "how you making out?"

"You come along with me," com-

"Why—I think perhaps gasoline—"
The words had scarcely left his lips when she grasped his hand and pulled him at a run off the low veranda, over a flower bed and at a gallop toward a group of cars parked in the moonlight by the first hole of the golf course.

"Why—I think perhaps gasoline—
"I reckon they just died laughin' where luck had broken. Back and forth it went. Taylor was at it again—and again and again. Was the man never going to lose They were even at last—Nancy lost her last five dollars.

"You hard?"
"Will you take my check," she said quickly, "for fifty, and we'll shoot it went. Taylor was at little unstant.

"Will you take my check," she said quickly, "for fifty, and we'll shoot it went. Taylor was at little unstant.

manded breathlessly. "What?"

n and let it run on the ground."

He turned the spout; a dripping gathered around the water cooler.

Jim hesitated but she held out her

hand defiantly. "Don't treat me like a girl," she "For the gum, of course. I've got warned him, "I'm not like any girl check. to get it off. I can't dance with gum you ever saw." She hesitated. "Still, "Ho

one out without an instant's nesitation.

'Here," he said after a moment's search. "Here's one that is easy. Got a handkerchief?"

'It's upstairs wet I used it for the soap and water."

Jim laboriously explored his pockets. "Don't believe I've got one either."

'Dongone it! Well, we can turn it on and let it run on the ground."

Then she stepped mate and wide and support the porch. At 12 o'clock a procession of cloaks issued single file from the women's dressing room and, each one pairing dressing room and each one pairing dressing room and coated beau like dancers meeting in a cotillon figure, drifted through the door with sleepy happy laughter—through the door into the contain himself no longer.

'May I—can't you let me roll 'em for you?" he suggested anxiously, his for you?" he suggested anxiously, his long law voice a little strained. dark where autos backed and snorted and parties called to one another and

Jim, sitting in his corner, rose to

Much as I desire to make him an appealing character, I feel that it would be distinctly unpulous to deceive you on that pulous to deceive you on that impercentible pause—"How y' all?"

Image of Ben Arrot in the front seat of a him there and fancied that one or two were even slightly resentful. But at live ruined my powder puff trying to make it stick to that."

Taylor seized them nervously. He shot in silence, and in the hush of make it stick to that."

Jim considered the question in some agitation.

"Diana Manners once."

"Did he do it to please her?"

"Didn't mean drown himself to please her. He just meant to jump only sound."

"Hi, Ben—" then, after an almost impercentible pause—"How y' all?"

Taylor seized them nervously. He shot in silence, and in the hush of make it stick to that."

"Didn't mean drown himself to please her. He just meant to jump overboard and make everybody laugh."

Now Nancy had the dice again, but the please her live ruined my powder puff trying to make it stick to that."

"Did he do it to please her?"

"Didn't mean drown himself to please her. He just meant to jump overboard and make everybody laugh."

Now Nancy had the dice again, but impercentible pause—"How y' all?"

The words had scarcely left his line.

"I recken they just died laughin' her luck had broken. Back and forth."

course.

\* \* \* \*

"You hard?"

"Like nails." She yawned again and added. "Give me a little more from the money.

"Will you take my check." she said quickly. "for fifty, and we'll shoot it all." Her voice was a little unsteady and her hand shook as she reached for the money.

Peter exchanged an uncertain but alarmed glance with Ben. Taylor shot again. He had Nancy's

"How 'bout another." she said wild-ly. "Jes' any bank'll do-money everywhere as a matter of fact."

flung the dice down before him "All right—old boy! As Lady Diana Manners says, 'Shoot 'em, Jelly-bean.' My luck's gone."
"Mr. Taylor." said Jim, carelessly.
"we'll shoot for one of those checks against the cash."
Half an hour later Nancy swayed

forward and clapped him on the back.

"Stole my luck, you did." She was nodding her head sagely.

Jim swept up the last check and putting it with the others tore them into confetti and scattered them on the floor. the floor.
Some one started singing, and Nancy,

Some one started singing, and saircy, kicking her chair backward, rose to "Ladies and gentlemen," she an-nounced. "Ladies—that's you Evylyn. I want to tell the world that Mr. Jim nounced. Powell, who is a well known Jelly-bean of this city, is an exception to a great rule—'lucky in dice—unlucky in love.' He's lucky in dice, and as matter of fact I—I love him. Ladies and gentlemen, Nancy Lamar, famous dark haired beauty often featured in the Herald as one th' most popular members th' younger set as other girls afe often featured in this particular case. Wish to announce—wish to announce—anyway, gentlemen—" She tipped suddenly. Jim caught her and restored her balance.

"My error," she laughed, "she stoops to—stoops to—anyways—We'll drink t'

ND a few minutes later as Jim made of fresh pine, just emptied from a truck and, maybe, a black enameled car with glass sides and the darkness of that same corner of the porch where she had come searching for gasoline, she appeared suddenly beside him.

"Jelly-bean," she said, "are you here, Jelly-bean? I think—" and even her slight unsteadiness seemed part of an enchanted dream—"I think you leserve one of my sweetest kisses for

For an instant her arms were around his neck—her lips were pressed to his.
"I'm a wild part of the world. Jellybean, but you did me a good turn."

Then she was gone, down the porch, over the cricket-loud lawn. Jim saw

the engine warmed up. "Good night, everybody," called Peter. "Good night, Peter.

There was a pause, and then a soft happy voice added...

"Good night, Jelly-bean."
The car drove off to a burst of singing. A rooster on a farm across the way took up a solitary mournful crow and behind them a last negro waiter turned out the porch light. cously on the gravel drive.
"Oh, boy!" sighed Peter softly,
"How you can set those dice!"
It was the Virginia woman's bag that
called for the criticism of a passenger
lt was still too dark for him to see opposite; a woman whose temperathe flush on Jim's thin cheeks-or to

room. And with his perception of this wall all that had been the romance

of sadness and the flight of time-that

Jelly-bean was suddenly dead. The very name was a reproach, a trivial-ity. With a flood of insight he knew

have awakened not jealousy but only

a contempt for Nancy's so lowering herself. And on his part the Jelly-

As the gray became blue, bright-ened and filled the room he crossed

to his bed and threw himself down

within him like a lump melting his throat. The air cleared and

ness and insignificance of life. A wall sprang up suddenly around him hedg-

"Oh, Nancy, Mr. Taylor's looking for

up some gasoline. Somebody got fun-ny with my car."

His eyes narrowed and he looked quickly from one to the other. Jim wondered what he had heard from the doorway-tried to remember what had been her moral laundry; the stains "I'm right tonight," Nancy sung out.

on it griping the edges flercely.
"I love her," he cried aloud, "God!"
As he said this something gave became radiant with dawn and turnng over on his face he began to sob dully into the pillow.

IN the sunshine or 3 o'clock Peter Delanoy, chugging painfully along with his fingers in his vest pockets. "Hi!" called Peter, bringing his flivver to an astonishing stop along-

"Ah, but waten this one, she breathed in a tense whisper. It was less. I been feeling that the leight this time, and Nancy was called "I'm thinkin' of leavin' town," consumber. "I'm thinkin' of leavin' town," consumber. ing her number.

"Little Ada, this time we're going south."

Ada from Decatur rolled over the table. Nancy was flushed and half-lable. Nancy was flushed and half-lable. Reckin I been bummin' too in the land takin's label. Reckin I been bummin' too in the land takin's straightness—and takin's label.

ong."
Peter was silent and the Jelly-

from that part up there. Had a big Merritt were married in Rockville at place."

7 o'clock this morning." A Story by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Peter looked at him curiously.
"That's fupnny," he said. "This—
this sort of affected me the same

and wiped his damp brow.

"Reckon you're not the only one it shook up." he admitted gloomily.
"All this thing of girls going round unchangement of girls going round."

7 o'clock this morning."
A tiny indentation appeared in the metal under the Jelly-bean's fingers. "Married?"

"That's fupnny," he said. "Thisthis sort of affected me the same this sort of affected me the same way."

The Jelly-bean hesitated.
"I don't know," he began slowly—"somethin' about — about that girl last night talkin' about a lady named Diana Manners—an English lady, sorta got me thinkin!" He drew himself up and looked oddly at Peter: "I had a family once," he said defiantly.

Peter nodded.
"I know."

"And I'm the last of 'em," continued the Jelly-bean, his voice rising slightly "and I ain't worth shucks. Name they call me by means jelly—weak and wobbly like. People who wern't nothin' when my folks were a lot turn up their noses when they pass me on the street."

Again Peter was silent.
"So I'm through. I'm goin' today. And when I come back to this town it's going to be like a gentleman."
Peter took out his handkerchief and wiped his damp brow,
"Reckon you're not the only one it shook up," he admitted gloomily.

THE street was hot at 3 and hotter still at 4, the April dust seeming unchaperoned is going to stop right quick. Too had, too, but everybody'll have to see it thataway."

"Do you mean." demanded Jim in surprise, "that all that's leaked out?"

"Leaked out How on earth could they keep it secret. It'll be announced in the the secret. It'll be announced quiet fell and the shades lengthened in the theterest the secret. they keep it secret. It'll be announced quiet fell and the shades lengthened in the papers tonight. Dr. Lamar's got to save his name somehow."

"May I—can't you let me roll 'em for you?" he suggested anxiously, his low lazy voice a little strained. Suddenly sleepy and listless, Nancy flung the dice down before him.

"Do you mean Taylor investigated those checks?"

It was Peter's turn to be supposed. It'll be announced quiet fell and the shades lengthened to the sunder the awnings and heavy foliaged trees. In this heat nothing mattered. All life was weather, a waiting through the hot where events had no significance for the cool that was soft and caressing like a woman's hand on a tired forehead. Down in Mississipthose checks?"

It was Peter's turn to be surprised.
"Haven't you heard what happened?"

Jim's startled eyes were answer enough.
"Why," announced Peter dramatically, "those four got another bottle of corn, got tight and decided to shock the town—so Nancy and that fella

# AROUND THE CITY.

lently and speak in hushed voices, as if some one were asleep or dead—
except for the desk, of course, which down on the tops of the shiny green showed that business was very much leather

carved plumes on the woodwork, that had come to the alley gate to—but it isn't polite to peek into private affairs.

The passing man being of the uneventful placidity that comes of a steady job with the union back of him, opined that the world was coming around all right—unless the raising of the wage sool. ing around all right—unless the rais-ing of the wage scale was delayed— but the other man, who was one of

the firm that carried on the business inside, rubbed his hand with a grave satisfaction, as he predicted an immediate future of good luck: "January is one of our best months

pneumonia!"

That's all, but goodness knows it

the feet of the night. The party in proper to mention that for one time, stretch of sunny terrace that was de-Americanization wore can and bells. She was a delicate featured gentle

woman who seemed to have grown old like a flower withers on a stalk. And side seats on a cross section car—the soft drawl of voice marked her as a mournful Virginian whose accent went back to, last negro say, the settlement of Jamestown. Both women were inexpensive looking widows Jim and Peter strolled over toward and each carried one of those yellow the flivver, their shoes crunching rau-

nental shoulder chip was as obvi-Over Tilly's garage a bleak room yawned all day to the rumble and snorting downtairs and the singing of the negro washers as they there is a son that the insignificant little fight. know that it was a flush of sudden her double-decked chin. she commanded, with gong-like em-

very much annotated in an old-fash-ioned hand; "The Eyes of the World," with a red, white and blue necktie that by Harold Bell Wright, and an ancient might be twisted into a flag, allowing prayer book of the Church of England with the name of Alice Powell and the date 1831 written on the fly leaf. The east, gray when the Jelly-bean entered the garage, became a rich and rick that woman ought to be reported for desecrating the flag—the flag of our entered the garage, became a rich and rick that woman ought to be reported for desecrating the flag our boys died for in the flag our b The east, gray when the Jelly-bean entered the garage, became a rich and vivid blue as he turned on his solishe put me on the Americanization com-

tary electric light. He snapped it out mittee, Mrs. Blank, I said. I shall make again and going to the window rested his elbows on the sill and stared into the deepening morning.

In fulfillment of this vow, she the deepening morning.

In fulfillment of this vow,
With the awakening of his mind leaned across and interrupted the Jim's first perception was a sense of ginia woman, who was deeply inter-futility, a dull ache at the utter gray-ested in whatever it was she and her companion were talking about:
"I'd thank you, Ma'm, to let me

have that picture on your bag."

The pleasant little rill of southern accent was diverted into the new channel, and though she looked a bit surprised, the Virginian peeled off

with a boy on a sled.

The woman ignered the friend, but held up the tiny dog as if it were exhibit A.
"This dog has a flag around its neck. Do you know what the flag of this country stands for?"

realization-a realization brought to herself. And on his part the Jelly-bean had used for her a dingy subterfuge learned from the garage. He had been her moral laundry; the stains were his.

As the gray became blue, bright-desired for it throughout the revolution. My son died for it in

> But the other woman seemed to have lost interest in the matter. She humped herself around and stared out of the window. The spiritless Wilmer gazed at his shoes as if it were a frequent occupation, and the Virginian starts and the virginian starts. All supplies had to be transported over the rivers and lakes of Canada for more than 1,500 miles. The coming of spring again will find this intrepid explorer chaperoning an oil well drill in the far corner of Alaska. a frequent occupation, and the Virginia gentlewoman, excitedly and with a new tremulousness in her voice, tried to resume her chat with her friend as if

Jackson street, was hailed by the Jelly-bean who stood on the curb had chuckled: "I bet she could have told that her father fought with L And that about ended that.

A WALK from 7th street to Capitol Hill isn't what you could con-

It isn't all shop windows and hotel flambouyant gypsies to keep you busy Jack. Reckin I been bummin' too that varies, geographically, from red curls to lacquer-shine straightness—and with no telling what futures fermenting

WO men were considering the business outlook. One was seated at the open door of a building that showed a reception are building that showed a reception with the chill freshness for a tropic breath, you can cross over to the Botanic greenhouse and make believe you are tion room with stiff chairs, a rug and a desk, all of somber brown to match the walls and set "just so" with the precision that belongs to an institution. It was a room where customers come in black, to step silently and speak in hushed voices as you come to the steps.

"My error," she laughed, "she stoops to—stoops to—anyways—We'll drink t' Jelly-bean—Mr. Jim Powell, king of th' Jelly-beans."

\* \* \* \*

A ND a few minutes later as Jim

Id a street glimpse could have X-to anyways—We'll drink t' rayed the back yard, the man who had paused to exchange a neighbor-ly word with the man at the door could have seen a long box or two, made of fresh pine, just emptied made of fresh pine, just emptied man, who was kind, as well as big.

woman resting on one of the rifle of steps that lead to a higher terrace. Then she stopped and said to the seated "You look like a wise woman, but all the same you are firting with pneu-monia, sitting on that step like that."

The woman was as wise as she looked, over the cricket-loud lawn. Jim saw Merritt come out the front door and say something to her angrily—saw her toss her head and turning away walk with averted eyes to the car. Evylyn and Ben followed singing a drowsy song about a Jazz baby.

Peter came out and joined Jim on the steps. "All pretty lit, I guess." he yawned, "and Merritt's in a mean mood. He's certainly off Nancy."

Over east along the golf course a faint rug of gray spread itself across the feet of the night. The party in the car began to chant a chorus as the looked, for she popped up, smiled, and in a trifle less than two seconds they were telling each other what the President and Congress ought to do for the Capitolic and about the Shipping Board, and the wonder-weather and tulip bulbs and —not a breath about short skirts nor immoral movies, nor blue Sundays or immoral movies, nor blue Sundays or a still that the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise she was. And then the world coming to?" stuff, which shows how wise as she looked, for she popped up, smiled, and trifle less than two seconds they was con

crutches.

His hat had blown off and he had poked it with one crutch to the railing in an effort to lean over. The scheme was a failure. So the woman picked the hat up and he told her he was mightily obliged. Which he looked it. And that was about all there was to it, but, anyhow, a hike is a good thing—not counting the saving of a token—though, honest, when the woman started she wasn't thinking of either. She had though, honest, when the woman started she wasn't thinking of either. She had gone over to the platform, but changed her mind before the car came—or, if you know what that queer little notion is, felt that something outside of her everydayness had changed it for her.

As if, perhaps, merely perhaps, she had been sent, as a child is sent on an er-rand, to go to the Capitol terrace and pick up a lame man's hat. \* \* \* \* REASON forty-eleven, why men do not give up car seats to the ladies: "If a woman has an escort and they can get a cross section, she puts him in the window seat, so that he needn't get up for other women. Also:
When war workers, accompanied by their husbands, board a car for office, his wife.

To be continued.
NANNIE LANCASTER.

## Texas "Oilionaires."

why should a fellow who lets his wife

treat ther with the chivalry

ALL Texans apparently are anxious to become "oilionaires." They are not satisfied with having the greatest oil fields in the world, but are now going out to the far limits of the North American continent to

discover new fields. Dr. J. W. Beede, internationally famed geologist of the University of Texas, has just returned to his native heath from a six months' exploration "You are very welcome, and I am heath from a six months' exploration sure my friend will give you hers."

The friend's picture was a snow scene tour along the Mackenzie river. which traverses that portion of the country lying within the shadow of the Arctic circle. This long, lone-some and dangerous trip was made by Dr. Beede in the interest of a by Dr. Beede in the interest of a large producing oil company with a view of locating paying oil fields in the vicinity of the Great Slave lake. A well was actually gotten under way, but the icy blasts from the polar regions swept down upon the drillers before any great amount of work could be done. During nine months of the year the territory around Great Slave lake is a frozen around Great Slave lake is a frozen Dr. Beede left Texas last May, go-

revolution. My son died for it in Cuba and my three grandsons were in France. One of them is buried there. Is there anything else you river. All supplies had to be transwould like to ask?"

mass.

Dr. Beede left Texas last May, going first to Alberta, Canada, thence 2,000 miles by boat up the Mackenzie river. All supplies had to be transwould like to ask?"

#### Their Ancestors.

A CONGRESSMAN said at a dinner; "I detest the war profiteer. One of these brutes bought last year a fine colonial estate in Virginia. He was showing a friend of mine over the quaint old private cemetery.

"Those,' he said, 'are the graves of
the former owner's ancestors.'

"Our ancestors,' his wife broke in,
proudly, 'are all living.'"

### Dismal Forebodings.

BOSTON millionaire was talking A about masterful wives. "Masterful wives." he said, "were in the minority heretofore, but with the coming of universal suffrage the majority of wives are getting pretty,

# over the mantel. Jim should have belonged. But that crowd had grown up together into a tight little set as gradually as the girls' dresses had lengthened inch by inch, as definitely as the boys' trousers had dropped suddenly to their ankles. And to that society of first names and dead puppyloves Jim was an outsider—a running mate of poor whites. Most of the men knew him, half-contemptuously: he tipped his hat to three or four girls. That was all. When the dusk had thickened into a blue setting for the moon he walk-reaction to their entrance—and then, and the hot smell of damp powder puffs, tucked in the fronts of low dresses, distilling a thousand rich scents to float out through the open door. The music itself, blurred by a loud trombone, became hot and shadowy, a languorous overtone to the scraping of many shoes and slippers. Suddenly the square of yellow light that fell through the door was obsticed by a dark figure. A girl had some out of the dressing room and smultaneously the room's reaction to their entrance—and then, and the hot smell of damp powder puffs, tucked in the fronts of low dresses, distilling a thousand rich scents to float out through the open door. The music itself, blurred by a loud trombone, became hot and shadowy, a languorous overtone to the scraping of many shoes and slippers. Suddenly the square of yellow light that fell through the door was obsticuted by a dark figure. A girl had some out of the dressing room and smultaneously the room's reaction to their entrance—and then, the both proposed and his arms. When the dusk had thickened into a blue setting for the moon he walked through the hot, pleasantly pungent town to Jackson street. The stores were just closing and the last shoppers were drifting homeward as if borne on the dreamy revolution of a slow merry-go-round. Further down a street fair made a brilliant alley of vari-colored booths and contributed a blend of music to the night—an son street by noon, now, curled and vari-colored bootns and contributed girls he had seen lottering down Jack-a blend of music to the night—an oriental dance on a calliope, a melan-choly bugle in front of a freak show, a cheerful rendition of "Back Home in

A dozen or so males had spoken to

"I WANT TO TELL THE WORLD THAT MR. JIM POWELL, WHO IS A WELL KNOWN JELLY BEAN OF THIS CITY, IS AN EXCEPTION TO A GREAT RULE-LUCKY IN DICE-UNLUCKY IN LOVE? HE'S LUCKY IN DICE, AND, AS A MATTER OF FACT, I-I LOVE HIM."

manded Peter, "I've got something

that'll put an edge on the evening."
Jim followed him awkwardly across
the floor and up the stairs to the
locker room, where Peter produced a lask of nameless yellow liquid.
"Whisky. Good old corn."
Ginger ale arrived on a tray. that away. I get fed up doin' that regular, though." eyond seltzer. "Say, boy," exclaimed Peter breath-

lessly, "doesn't Nancy Lamar look beautiful." Jim nodded. "Mighty beautiful," he agreed.
"She's all dolled up to fare-you-well tonight," continued Peter, tasting

directions.

gracefully in

gasoline and began scraping her slippers, side and bottom, on the running board of the car. The Jelly-bean con-tained himself no longer. He ben

double with explosive laughter and after a second she joined in.
"You're here with Peter Delanoy,

aren't you?" she asked as they walked

"Out dancin', I reckon."
"The deuce. He promised me

e smiled at him radiantly.

"Not me. Just the bottle."

She laughed scornfully.

"Like it?

novels."

"I guess maybe you'll need ginger ale though," he added.

"Try me. I can drink anything any man can. Let's sit down." She perched herself on the side of

a table and he sank luxuriously into one of the wicker chairs beside her. Taking out the cork she held the flask

to her lips and took a long drink. He watched her fascinated.

feel. I think most people are that

'My daddy liked it too well. It kill-

"American men," said Nancy grave-ly, "don't know how to drink." "What?" Jim was distinctly startled.

"In fact," she went on carelessly

my life is that I wasn't born in Eng-land."

"In England?"
"Yes. It is the one regret of my life that I wasn't."

"Do you like it over there."
"Yes. Immensely. I've never been there in person but I've met a lot of Englishmen who were over here in the Army, Oxford and Cambridge men—

you know, that's like Sewanee and University of Gorgia are here—and

"D' you ever hear of Lady Diana Manners?" she asked earnestly. "Well, she's what I'd like to be.

Dark, you know, like me, and wild as sin. She's the girl who rode her horse up the steps of some cathedral or church or something and all the nov-

elists made their heroines do it after-

his depths.
"Pass the bottle," suggested Nancy

over there have style. Nobody has style here. I mean the boys here aren't really worth dressing up for or doing sensational things for. Don't

t," murmured Jim confusedly.
"And I'd like to do 'em an' all.

really the only girl in town that has

She stretched out her arms and

Jim nodded politely. He was out of

Jim was interested, amazed.

She shook her head breathlessly.

"You know where he is now?

his concoction with the appreciative pride of ownership. "Notice that fellow she's with." "Big fella? White pants?" "Yeah. Well, that's Ogden Merritt from Savannah. Old man Merritt makes the Merritt safety razors. This

his attention for an hour.

e Jelly-bean had been invited to rty.

k in the days when all the boys etested all the girls, Peter Deand Jim had sat side by side in But, while Jim's social aspinant But

like her high-balls. Promised I'd give her one later on."
"She in love with his—Merritt?"

"Damned if I know. Seems like all the best girls around here marry fellas and go off somewhere." He poured himself one more drink and carefully corked the bottle. her mind just gave out from sheer contrariness."

"H'm."

"I got an old uncle up-state an' I reckon I kin go up there if ever I get sure enough pore. Nice farm, but nobody much to work it. Many the time he's asked me to come up and help him, but I don't guess I'd take much to farm life. It's too doggone lonesome—

"He broke off suddenly."

"Peter, I want to tell you I'm much obliged to you for askin' me out, but idividual in white trousers, to bear his

obliged to you for askin' me out, but dividual in white trousers, to bear his I'd be a lot happier if you'd just stop children and humor his whims—and be a lot happier if you'd just stop children and humor his whitems—and car right here an' let me walk all because white trousers' father had k into town." walking boylike and debonnaire along the street, taking an orange as tithe from a worshipful fruit dealer, charging a dope on a mythical account at Soda Sam's, assembling a convoy of beaux and then driving off in triumphal state for a gorgeous afternoon of

splashing and singing.

The Jelly-bean walked out on the porch to a deserted corner, dark between the moon on the lawn and the single lighted door of the ballroom. There he found a chair and, lighting a cigarette, drifted into the thoughtless reverie that was his usual mood. Yet now it was a reverie made sensu-ous by the night and the hot smell of

come out of the dressing room and was standing on the porch not more than ten feet away. Jim heard a low-breathed "doggone" and then she turned and saw him. It was Nancy | Pass the bottle," suggested Nancy, "I'm going to take another little one. A little drink wouldn't hurt a baby." "You see," she continued, again breathless after a draught. "People over there have style. Nobody has Lamar.

"Howdy."
"Hello—" she paused, hesitated and "Hello—" she paused, hesitated and "I suppose so—I mean I suppose "I suppose so—I mean I suppose so —I mean I suppose so then approached. Powell." He bowed slightly and tried to think of a casual remark.
"Do you suppose," she began quickly, "I mean—do you know anything about gum?"
"What?" "I've got gum on my shoe. Some

Jim rose to his feet.

"Pretty evening."
"Beautiful," agreed Jim.
"Like to have boat," she suggested reamily. "Like to sail out on a silutter ass left his or her gum on the floor and of course I stepped in it." Jim blushed quite inappropriately. ver lake, say the Thames for instance Have champagne and caviarre sandhim or stopped for a moment's chat, she demanded petulantly. "I've tried wiches along. Have about eight peo-but he knew instinctively that they a knife. I've tried every darn thing ple. And one of the men would jump were each one surprised at finding in the dressing room. I've tried soap overboard to amuse the party and get lost the dice.

vawned pleasantly.

-From a drawing by Arthur William Brown. He turned it on fuller. The drip-ping became a flow and formed an oily pool that glistened brightly, reflecting wandered into the soft-drink stand that had once been a bar. The room dozen tremulous moons on its quivwas deserted except for a sleepy negro dozing behind the counter and two boys lazily fingering a pair of dice at one of the tables. He was about to leave when he saw Peter. At 'Ah," she sighed contentedly, "le In desperation he turned on the tap full and the pool suddenly widened sending tiny rivers and trickles in al the same moment Peter spied him. "There he is," he cried and then, turning to his party, "C'mon over and help us with this bottle. I guess That's fine. That's something like. there's not much left, but there's one all around." Raising her skirts she steppe "I know this'll take it off," she Nancy, the man from Savannah, Jim smiled inadvertently. "There's two more cars."
She stepped daintily out of the

him'broadly. THEY drifted over to a table and arranging themselves cheerfully of the negro washers as they turned around it began a casual badinage as the hose on the cars outside. It was a cheerless square punctuated with they waited for the colored boy to bed, bureau and green topped table. phasis:

bring ginger ale. Jim, faintly ill-at- On the table were half a dozen books ease, turned his eyes on Nancy, who had drifted into a nickel crap game kansas," "Lucille" in an old edition what Wilmer and everybody around they waited for the colored boy to had drifted into a nickel crap game with the two poys at the next table. Bring them over here," suggested

"Well." said Jim, "I guess that'll be all right. I got his bottle right here in my pocket." Ben looked around. It's against club rules."
"Nobody's around," insisted Peter "except Mr. Taylor. He's walking up and down like a wild man trying to find out who let all the gasoline

There was a general laugh..

"I bet a million Nancy got something on her shoe again. You can't park when she's around."

seen his fussy little flivver in two veeks," she flashed.

Jim felt a sudden silence. He turn-Jim felt a sudden silence. He turn-ed and saw an individual of uncer-tain age standing in the doorway, an individual who he knew instinctively ed out. The Jelly-bean strolling up was married, played poker till he be-gan to lose, and danced because he known at every shop and street stand,

rassment.
"Won't you join us, Mr. Taylor?" "Thanks." Mr. Taylor spread his unwelcome presence over a chair. "Have to, I guess. I'm waiting till they dig me

"and my four bits is in the ring." "Faded!"
"Why, Mr. Taylor, I didn't know you shot craps!" Nancy was surprised to find that he had seated himself and instantly covered her bet. They had openly disliked each other since the

"Ah-h! I knew it. And now again with the dollar up."

Nancy was right. Five passes to her credit, and Mr. Taylor was a bad -her luck could never last

she drove the pot up and up, refusing to drag. Taylor was drumming with mined eyes showed that he was in to

Evylyn Ware and Ben Arrot were lolling and laughing in the doorway Nancy caught Jim's eye and winked at

Nancy's cheeks were glowing with ing him in, a wall as definite and excitement over the game. "I haven't tangible as the white wall of his bare

iked telling naughty stories to young cropfull of easy greeting and local girls. Peter's voice punctuated the embar-

light she had definitely discouraged series of rather insinuating ad-"All right, babies, do it for your mamma. Just one little seven. Nancy was cooing to the dice. Sh rattled them with a brave underhand

loser. She was making it personal, and after each success Jim watched a look of triumph flutter across her face. She was doubling with each "Better go easy," he cautioned timidly.
"Ah, but watch this one," she

stay.
Then Nancy tried for a ten. She

side. "Just get up?" The Jelly-bean shook his head "Never did go to bed. Felt sorta restless, so I took a long walk this morning out in the country. Just got into town this minute."

It isn't what you coul scienciously call thrilling, still:

It isn't all shop windows an "Should think you would feel rest-less. I been feeling thataway all know. For one thing, there are the

bean continued:

"I reckin maybe after Aunt Mamie dies I could sink that money of mine in the farm and make somethin' out of it. All my people originally came is shouldering his way to be carthough the boy on the curb, sticking pins in a paper wheel that is "goin' roun' an' roun' an' never stop":

a somber human crumb who, maybe—
in the farm and make somethin' out in the farm and make somethin' out